4/14/72

Dear Mrs. Herron and Mr. Hull,

The last letter Matt wrote me, or at least I presume it was Matt, was missing from the envelope when that arrived. The postal service took full credit for the omission, which leads me to believe it may have been accidental. I replied to the address on the envelope, asking an address to which I could send a copy of my book FRAME-UP, which uses some of the rather good work Matt did in Memphis at the time of the King assassination, and I've had no response. It has been many months. I presume they are all well and now're turnin; or planning their return.

In his obscenely "An American Death" Gerold Frank treats Matt rather shabbily. In fact, he drags him in by the hells for purposes of ridicule. I suspect it is because Frank is the running dog of the government and delayed his book to make it an "answer" to mine. There is no apparent reason for any mention of Matt in it, certainly none for ridicule.

I have confronted Frank only once, by phone, when he was on a radio show. This, of course, is a stacked deck, and although I had little chance to talk and none to end his filibustering, the producer of that show has told me the man was literally shaking. I presume this is because he was a witness to a confrontation - have on TV in New York with both William Bradford Huie and the man then actually in charge of the prosecution, now a judge. Both have since been silent on the subject and Frank, realizing the integrity of his book was ruined before he met his $100,000 contract, came rushing up to me after the show in some hysteria. So, although he has agreed to another live confrontation, in St. Louis in several weeks, and is to be asked to do one earlier by phone in May 1 (Jim Mason, KSD), - have a notion he will not.

However, in each case I have been promised the show will go on. In each case I should like to both respond to and limn this miserable thing he has done with Matt, aside from the ridicule he refers to Matt's arrest in Baltimore without explanation and calls him a "photographer-investigator" in a deprecating manner, making no mention of Black Stars in the first case nor in the second of Matt's belief he was not an investigator. He phoned me for help when he was in Memphis. I taped that conversation, as I did what he piped to me over the phone, and what he has already taped should be needed no training to consider himself a competent investigator. He did well. The rascal Frank uses a sycophantic rewriting of what I used that Matt gave me. That includes some of his original notes. I took only part of them when he gave me all of them, intending the get the rest later and now wanting to exhange all of them, but I never got back to New Orleans before he left. I have preserved those I took, if he wants them back on his return. If either of you has the remainder, they were in a small, I think cardboard box and I would welcome access to them now for other reasons, my book being out and itself assassinated.

My chief purpose in writing is for three things that you may have. Matt has a great picture of him running away from some overstuffed deputy/thug during a racial disturbance in the South. I wanted to use it in the book, but he felt modest. I'd like to stuff it in Frank's face, on camera, if either of you has it and will lend it to me. He is smiling as he runs, cameras slung on both sides, and as he explained it to me, he knew they'd get after him so he left his heavy bag and everything he wouldn't absolutely need behind, so he could be fleet of foot. Perhaps, as parents sometimes do, you have clippings of the Baltimore amusement park demonstration which tells the story of what was accomplished there, not that Matt was arrested, but the violence he and the others faced for principle. And you may have a clipping that relates to the Fort Detrick vigil against bacteriological warfare of which he was part. Both, of course, have become national policy. While Frank was making rich and famous with such socially-useful writing as lurid descriptions of the murder of women who were left with broomsticks projecting from their vaginas, Matt was pioneering things that has come to pass. I would really like very much, in confrontation or in my equal-time response, to be able to lay that despicable commercialiner out for what he is, hence I write to see if you can lend me these things or supply copies. The picture was not Matt's, but was taken on him by a photograpaher unknown to me. Thanks, and best to them,

Sincerely, Harold Weisberg